

# Good Morning

S91

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



## "RIFF" calls the tune for E.R.A. Jim Murphy

WHENEVER you hear the tune, "Into Battle," played in the Forces programme, E.R.A. Jim Murphy, you can think of your young son, whom those at home have nicknamed "Riff."

When we called at 13 Woodward Road, Rockferry, Birkenhead, your wife told us that young "Riff" won't allow anyone to talk when the tune starts up, and there has to be complete silence until the news has been read.

He was eighteen months old when we saw him, six months older than when you were last with him. Granddad (Alf to you) has made him a good supply of toys. The photo-

graph shows him playing with a sample. Everyone was busy preparing for his first real Christmas. He was too young to understand last year. He's having a Christmas tree, and Grandma has promised a special cake.

We have to tell you from your wife that he sings and dances, breaks all the pots, and helps himself to sugar. Also, he's grown fond of the taste of blacklead!

Add to these the fact that he is always on the go, and you'll understand why they call him "Riff."

You're certainly in for a happy time with him when you get that next leave all at home are waiting for.

## GOOD NEWS BUDGET FOR L.S. Frank McAlinden

MANY happy returns of the day, Leading Seaman Frank McAlinden! When we called at your home a few days before your birthday, the family wanted to send their greetings in "Good Morning," in case you got this copy before the cards they sent you.

When we arrived at C 23, Langworthy Estate West, Eccles New Road, Salford, Lancs, your brother Danny was there, as cheerful as ever, but lying on the couch nursing a broken ankle. However, he manages to hobble about the house with the help of your eleven-year-old sister Edith.

Your mother gave us quite a budget of news for you, Frank. She sends you her love and best wishes, but she also says that you are adrift with your mail! She hasn't heard from you for six months. What about it?

She's also knitting you a scarf—a belated birthday present. Dad has got a fresh job with the Salford Corporation, and Kathleen may become engaged in January. She hopes that by



the time the wedding bells are ringing, you will be home.

By the way, do you remember those figures you brought home from Lagos, Nigeria? Apart from decorating the mantelpiece, they're very useful ornaments for Kathleen—she hangs her bracelets on them!

Terry is now stationed in Whalley, Lancs, and cousin

Bob, who got blown up on D-Day and was blind for five days, has just gone back to France. Gerard is in Burma, with the 14th Army; and wishes to be remembered to you. He has just come out of hospital after recovering from a bout of jungle fever.

And last, but not least—the latest about your pal Mac. He's been putting in some

BOY, oh boy, what a party; beer on the house, a galaxy of girls, a jive jamboree and the freedom of a fire station.

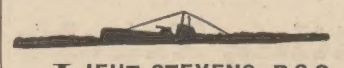
The National Fire Service Messengers of Barking district invited the captain and crew of a new submarine up to town for an adoption party. They came, they conquered, and they left memories that will live long.

The messengers did them proud. The food was good and the speeches short. The music was hot and there were two fire girls to every sailor. (The word that a submarine crew was around spread, and that would account for the uniform-less girls who filtered in). But don't imagine for one moment that beer and dancing were the only entertainments. Oh no; fire girls and women in evening gowns slid down the poles (they did that because there was invariably some sailors down below to prevent them from getting hurt, though probably some of the young girls did get their heads broken).

There was a concert party and all kinds of games. In fact, I found it quite difficult to watch everything that was going on. I had to keep constantly on the move from room to room, through miles of passages and up flights of stairs. Even then I might have missed some of the incidents had I not been sufficiently inquisitive to peek into odd corners. I hope I didn't miss anything.

LIEUT STEVENS, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N., captain of the crew represented, told briefly his experiences in submarines since the outbreak of war. C.P.O. Babsy Baker, the cox'n, was in Trump with him, he said, and he highlighted his address by recalling amusing incidents they both remembered.

Mentioning "Thunderbolt," Lieut. Stevens paid high tribute to Lieut.-Commander Crouch. He referred to "Sahib" and "Unruffled" and went on to explain a Roger, which, he said, was made by "war-like Nuns." Such entries as a train and a Jeep in a lifebelt caught audible gasps of incredulity from the eager audience.



Left to right: Lt. Stevens, D.S.O., D.S.C. and Bar; Fire Force Commander C. P. McDuell, O.B.E., Mrs. McDuell, Divisional Officer L. Smith.

As I was saying, some party.

Was it E.R.A. Pickles whom I picked out? He was first on the floor at each session. Some rug-cutter that guy.

E.R.A.s Sam Clements and Sid Cope apparently enjoyed themselves. One of them is to be congratulated on his choice of brunettes.

The other poor guy... I think she got him in a Paul Jones, and wouldn't let go.

Then there was A.B. Brig Young. Wouldn't surprise me at all if he and S.P.O. Watts have something to remember them by.

As I was saying, some party.

PERHAPS you wonder if the folk at home are aware of the work you are doing?

To-day's national newspapers front-page one of the biggest submarine stories of the war from the East.

I quote the "Daily Express," which, under a six-column headline, says:—

British submarines, in a great new offensive against Japanese shipping, have sunk

23 more merchant vessels, and north-west in the Indian Ocean to the Andaman Islands.

This brings the total submarine successes announced in the last five days to 69 Jap ships sunk, an achievement unequalled anywhere before.

The widespread attacks against ships supplying the Jap army in Burma, Sumatra and the Andaman and Nicobar islands indicate that large and powerful submarine forces are the spearhead of the Royal Navy's Eastern Fleet, soon to be as strong as the entire Jap Navy.

They may also foreshadow, now that the monsoon is over, large-scale operations by the British 14th Army on the Indian Ocean Front.

THE precise locations of all the submarine attacks were not given in last night's communiqué.

But the previous announcement showed our submarines are ranged from the Straits of Malacca, near Singapore, along the Sumatra coast to Sabang,

The 23 supply vessels destroyed, said the Admiralty, were engaged in coastal traffic.

Our submarines had, in many cases, to approach close to enemy-occupied territory, and within range of enemy shore batteries.

All the vessels were heavily laden. Many were carrying fuel and blew up.

An anti-submarine vessel was also torpedoed and sunk in the East Java Sea, south of Celebes.

In addition, a bombardment was carried out against the harbour on the island of Car Nicobar. Buildings and installations were damaged, and several small craft lying alongside the jetty were sunk.

THE commanders, who now fly the Jolly Roger of successful strikes, are: Lieut.-Com. J. G. Hopkins, R.N.; Lieut. W. G. Meeke, M.B.E., D.S.C., R.N.; Lieut. J. P. Angell, R.N.; Lieut. A. A. Catlow, R.N.; Lieut. P. H. May, R.N.

Lieut. May was one of the submarine commanders mentioned in an Admiralty report at the end of September.

Lieut. Catlow was in the submarine, "Trusty" last year when she did a record patrol of 10,000 miles in 54 days in tropical waters.

The others are new names in the Far East.

Since the beginning of the year British submarines operating in Far Eastern waters have now sunk one Japanese cruiser of the Kuma class and 157 other ships, ranging from large supply vessels to anti-submarine class.

A 7,000-ton Japanese aircraft carrier was hit by a torpedo and is believed to have been sunk, and another Japanese cruiser was also damaged by torpedo.

## HOME TOWN TALK

ONE of the finest examples of a local lad making good is provided by Alderman Walter Howell Parker, who has just been made Lord Mayor of Cardiff at a salary of £1,250 for the next year.

Walter Parker ran errands for a shopkeeper in Duke Street, Cardiff, nearly 70 years ago. Then he got a job learning to be a compositor on the local newspaper. "There's money in printing," he said to himself soon after, and as a young man he started his own business, now thriving.

Eighty years old is "Walter," and a fine old sport. He has always taken a keen interest in soccer, and was chairman of Cardiff City A.F.C. when they lifted the English Cup in 1927.

He is also chairman of directors of a City engineering firm, which employs some hundreds. "Charlie" Hallinan—do you remember Hallinans, the wine store, in the City centre?—a young solicitor and Colonel in the Home Guard, as been chosen as his deputy.

### BATON CAUSES FURORE.

WALES is peeved! Field Marshal Montgomery's baton has at each end a gold boss ornamented with a circle

fast work recently, your Mother wants you to know and after a whirlwind courtship of eight DAYS, has just married a widow in Bristol!

Well, Frank, that's the news. Everybody sends you their love and best wishes. Good luck—and don't forget the mail.

chased with rose, shamrock and daffodil, not even a leek!! All real Welsh folk are really very annoyed. School-boys and girls, even, are writing to the papers in the Principality protesting against this "slight."

Well, perhaps Monty will be able to do something about it. Especially as Wales claims he is one of its descendants. His ancestry is said to be traced from Normandy to North Wales, and, it is asserted, that is how Montgomery Town got its name.

But other ardent Welshmen are also up in arms over other slights. One points out that even the latest new issue of florins and the greetings telegrams in use by the G.P.O. carry the emblems of England, Scotland and Ireland. But the Land of the Leek is absent.

### WELSH NIGHTINGALE WEDS.

SISTER MEGAN MORRIS, of Ale-y-bryn, Fochriw, near Bargoed, was one of the first British nurses to land with the invading armies in Normandy.

Now known in Wales as "Florence Nightingale in battledress and gum boots," she is 29, and daughter of Mrs. Sarah Millward and late Mr. Edgar Morris, who was killed in a colliery disaster when she was four.

Megan has just struck romance. While home on leave she married Sergt Alex Stark, of the R.A.M.C., who hails from Renfrewshire, Scotland. They met while serving together in West Africa.

Ron Richards

Raspberries are our favourite fruit.

So write and tell us what you really think about

"GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—  
"Good Morning,"  
c/o Press Division, Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.



## Difficult Subjects done in a flash

### DEREK RICHARDS' PHOTO-FEATURE

THE Press photographer rarely sets forth into the blue without his flash equipment, yet the amateur, however keen and capable a photographer he may be, will probably never lay hands on a photo flash outfit.

To a degree this state of affairs is justified by the fact that a press man may have to bring back a particular picture, whatever the conditions of lighting, whereas the amateur chooses his own picture and his own light. It is a pity, however, that so many photographers have accepted flash photography only as a last resort under impossible conditions.

The light of a flash bulb or of powder has a most pleasing quality but use of single flash bulbs with no reflectors gives heavy shadows. Always use a reflector behind the bulb or exposure will be lengthy, and where possible use more than one bulb or set of bulbs to illuminate the subject from two at directions to give it modelling.

scared stiff at the flash and will most certainly blink a few times. Fortunately the camera always gets in first and a perfectly normal portrait should result.

This method of working will allow flash photos to be taken under usual household lighting conditions and leaves plenty of scope for candid camera studies. With unsynchronised flash the order of operations is, (i) open the shutter, (ii) fire the flash, (iii) close the shutter. With synchronised flash the whole cycle is carried out by one movement and because of this and other great advantages, I consider it worth while giving details of a simple method of synchronisation for any camera fitted with a cable release to the shutter.

The diagram shows the general construction; no doubt some of you handicraftsmen or electricians can make great improvements, but I can at least assure you of the efficiency and value of this accessory.

The circuit connecting the flash bulb and battery is broken only at the points A and B. When the upper hinged piece is brought into position, the circuit is, of course, completed and the flash is fired simultaneously with the shutter being opened by compression on the wire one bulb or set of bulbs to release. If the shutter is set in the directions to give it modelling, upper portion will allow the

## The Widow in the Inn

THIS was the hour in the day she liked best. She had always liked it, even when John was alive and she came only rarely into the bar. It was this last hour before closing time, she thought which was the inn-keeper's reward for all the hard work that went on when the customers were not there to see, and which went unsuspected by most of them.

She looked round the bars. In the tap-room the dart-board was going strong, and she could tell by the different pairs that kept coming up for a "half of losers" that the sides were evenly matched, which always made a better night of it. She had watched many an evening's darts start to flag when a particularly strong pair—Jock with Nobby, for instance—could not be knocked off.

Her eyes sought the cribbage players. Old Arthur was there tucked up in his usual corner. His strip of green baize cloth which he always brought with him was spread on the scrubbed oak table, and the oldsters were happily counting "fifteen-two, fifteen-three, and four goes seven," for all the world like their grandchildren chanting their tables in the school across the green.

Thinking of this reminded her of the schoolmaster, who was sitting with a select band of cronies at that moment in her warm kitchen, drinking stout. There was an etiquette



surrounding drinking in the kitchen. A man's status in the village was sharply defined by whether he entered the kitchen as a matter of course or whether he went there only when accompanied by his missus on a Sunday night, or whether he had never been inside that bright room at all.

She thought how fortunate she was with her trade. Never

any trouble about "time," never any unpleasantness. Only on the rarest occasion had young John had to jolly a customer out of the house, and then invariably it had been strangers who had overstepped the mark.

Yes, it wasn't half a bad life, and she was thankful for it. Especially during the last hour.

M. M.

## Wagner, Anon.

ACCORDING to the programme of an Army Education and Welfare Concert for the troops and civilians in Rome the composer of the "Ride of the Valkyries" is "anonymous."

And that has raised as fierce a battle in Rome as ever the Eighth Army knew.

Captain Roger Wimbush has protested that to bill the German composer Richard Wagner as "anonymous" is "arrant nonsense and an appalling exhibition of childishness worthy of Rosenberg's yahoos, and has put the A.E.C. in a most compromising position."

Captain Padraig Mills has come forward as the man responsible for inserting the word anonymous.

He replies: "It was Wagner and still I consider it preferable to read the word anonymous. Indeed, it would be better if everything German could be considered anonymous and the word German obliterated from this earth."

The last word in the controversy is being waged in the Services newspaper, "Crusader," which comes from Captain Cyril James, who writes: "I rather felt we were making ourselves to be a race of musical boobies in the face of the Italians, who were actually playing the music for us."

"And in any case, if Captain Mills wishes to consider everything German as anonymous why the devil did he print in the same programme the names of Beethoven and Bach?"

DICK GORDON.

## Now for Trotting Tracks They carry Bibles in their Knapsacks

"GOING to the trot, chum?" This is the question you will often hear after the war if a syndicate of business men at Droylsden, Lancs, have their way—for trotting, popular sport in almost every country in the world, is coming back to the old country again.

Incidentally, it is a sport that offers you more thrills than dog racing, and all the betting facilities you can get along with it.

Says "Josh" Travis, local butcher and chairman of the Droylsden syndicate: "If we don't oust the dogs from public favour altogether after the war, we shall at least give them a run for their money. Trotting is far more spectacular—all it needs is adequate control."

"If we can get that we shall sweep the country, and I can see crowds of 20,000 or 30,000 attracted to trotting tracks all the year round—in winter witnessing it under floodlights."

Trotting is by no means a new sport in Great Britain, but it has had its trials.

When it looked like being something twelve to fifteen years ago the sport was

ruined by wholesale rigging of races, which finally cost promoters the confidence of the public.

To horse-breeder and farmer 56-year-old George Dodd, of Moorside Farm, Droylsden, will go the chief credit, should the sport ever really catch on in post-war years.

George himself raced years ago, and he has never lost his faith in the game.

You leave his farm, walk across his front garden and enter the track, the only one licensed for betting in the British Isles, where this year 24 meetings have been held, at which the attendance, drawn from all parts of England and Scotland, has aggregated over 36,000.

George sees a real future in the sport. That was why he turned a couple of his fields into a track, built grandstands and paddocks, and then invited the enthusiasts to come and compete.

Now he is confident that trotting will regain a position which will place it on a par with America, from where the first horses were imported forty years ago.

The animals competing are extremely highly bred. Their racing life is anything from two to 25—some have been known to race and win at 30. In a race they can be hobbled or run free-legged, drawing behind them a light vehicle called either a "sulky" or "speed car," in which the driver sits.

They are allowed to break into a gallop, but only for a distance of twenty yards, and if in that distance they gain ground the judges disqualify them.

Eight to ten of these turn-outs compete at a time, and, believe me, there are few sights more thrilling than to see five or six of them abreast as they come into the straight, with the crowd roaring and the bookies feverishly calling their odds.

You have there all the thrill and colour of the real race track—a sport worthy of kings. It's cost? At Droylsden, two bob in the popular ring, and six bob in "Tattersalls."

J. MARSDEN.



WAR or no war, the Bible is still topping all book-seller lists. Recently, a "talkie" version was made for the benefit of the blind. It took ten years to record on 169 full-length discs.

In this war, as in the last, one has heard of men whose lives have been saved by Bibles carried in their breast-pockets. "You would be surprised by the number of men who carry little Bibles in their kit," a Naval padre assured me. And that goes for the other. Services, too.

Some of the world's greatest military geniuses have not been ashamed to pack the Book. General Montgomery's copy travels with his military textbooks wherever he goes.

During the hard desert campaign he held prayer meetings and special services before a big battle. "Monty" likes to flavour his talk with quotations from the Scriptures. "Let God arise and let His enemies be scattered," he called to his troops before a desperate drive.

General Dobbie, late C-in-C. of Malta, also believed firmly in the efficacy of prayer. During his service in Singapore he conducted Sunday School classes with truly religious zeal.

Another fighting General of this war, Orde Wingate, knew as much of the Bible by heart as any Bishop.

During the hard fighting in Burma he would encourage his men by reciting apt passages from the Scriptures. He learned Hebrew in order to read the Old Testament "in the original."

General Gordon based his whole philosophy of life on the Bible. Through his hardest campaigns he found comfort in the Book. Soldiers serving under his command, whether British or native, had to attend Divine Service twice a day.

On one occasion, when he disagreed violently with the Government's views on strategy, he sent each member of the Cabinet a copy of the Bible!

The famous American General, "Stonewall" Jackson, used to pray for hours before a

battle. Apart from spiritual comfort, he found practical value in the Book.

More than once, he pointed out to his staff officers that some of the battles reported in the Bible were models of strategy.

The phrase, "Trust in God and keep your powder dry!" has been handed down the centuries. Cromwell had a genius for a ringing quotation when issuing orders.

After the stiff fight at Dunbar he sank on his knees in the mud and led the singing of a Psalm.

Generallissimo Chiang Kai-shek is another devout Christian. He was baptised in 1930. He prays every morning, and always says grace before meals, even on the battlefield.

When he was kidnapped by rival war-lords he refused to bargain with his captors. Instead, he settled down to hours of quiet prayer.

Less orthodox, but equally sincere, is General Feng Yushiang, a peasant giant and one of China's finest military leaders. A devout Christian, he nevertheless believes in taking precautions in a "heathen" country.

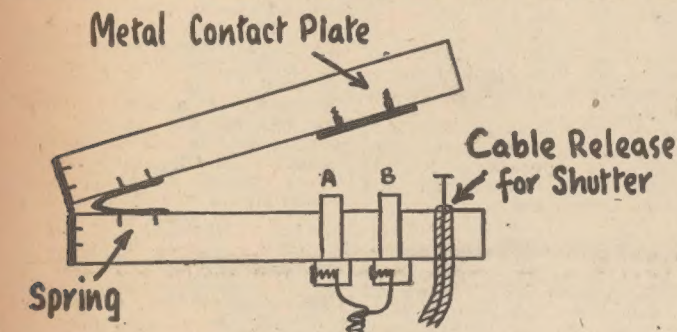
On one occasion he addressed chapel in a Y.M.C.A. while his bodyguards trained tommy-guns on the congregation!

Before battle he preaches a sermon with vim and picturesqueness. His troops always march against their enemy singing "Onward Christian Soldiers," whatever their private beliefs.

Always associated with General Feng is the story that he once baptised a whole regiment with the aid of a fire-hose!

With the European war coming to an end, the Bible Societies are already busily preparing to repair the damage done by the Nazis. Nearly half a million New Testaments have recently been published in nine languages in Sweden and Switzerland ready for post-war distribution in Europe.

ALEX BRUCE.



White card reflectors or light coloured walls will also serve this purpose.

In spite of being the more costly, flash bulbs are at present by far the most popular source of flash illumination. The danger of fire, vastly over-rated though not negligible, in the case of flash powder has been entirely overcome by enclosing the magnesium foil or ribbon in glass. In rain and wind the bulb again scores heavily. The simplest amateur set, and there are many from which to choose, consists of an ordinary pocket torch into the top of which screw the bulb and reflector. The switching on of the torch ignites the magnesium charge instantaneously.

More elaborate outfits will have bunches of three or more bulbs igniting together or in series and may be synchronised to the shutter of the camera. Bulbs may be bought with screw-in or bayonet fittings.

Flash guns for powder operate by means of an ordinary percussion cap, a small cartridge or a flint arrangement similar to a petrol lighter. Powder may also be ignited by touch paper or a long taper and this method is often useful when a large sized flash is wanted and an abnormal amount of powder used. It is on these occasions however, that a few obvious precautions are necessary against fire and scorching of the hand.

Flash light is most useful in portraiture when dealing with a "difficult subject" such as those who screw up their eyes at flood lights. In this case the sitter is posed in the light of a low-power lamp, preferably without knowing that flash is to be used. At the chosen time the shutter is opened, followed as soon as possible by the setting off of the flash.

The brief exposure to the normal room lighting will not be sufficient to show movement of the subject. Of course the nervous sitter may be



# BUCK RYAN



## STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

CONSIDERABLE satisfaction is felt among stamp collectors of the Senior Service at the King's gesture in sending stamps from his own collection to the second annual exhibition held by the Royal Navy Philatelic Society at the Royal Naval Hospital, Haslar, Hampshire.

The Navy has been honoured indeed, because this is the first occasion His Majesty has exhibited outside the Royal Philatelic Society.

Sir John Wilson, the keeper of the King's collection, said: "The King felt that he could not refuse the Royal Navy's request." Of particular interest among the stamps exhibited was a selection from Pitcairn Island, illustrating episodes in the mutiny on the "Bounty."



I don't think every collector, even inside the Senior Service, is aware that the Navy has its own Philatelic Society. As a matter of fact, it is quite a go-ahead body, with the laudable ambition of establishing a branch of the society on board every capital ship.

The Standard Whitfield King catalogue for 1945 is now published, and this is probably the last year in which it will appear in a single volume. In recent issues the catalogue is well up to date, and includes—unpriced, of course—the war-time issues of all the enemy countries, as well as those for liberated territories, though in most cases there is no illustration.

The price changes are fairly extensive. The number of standard varieties listed totals 77,250, an increase of 1,403 on that of 1944, the British Empire section alone accounting for 16,415.

It is the view of the publishers that the shortage of recent colonial issues threatens to become acute, and that Jubilee and Coronation series are so well established in popular favour that anything in the nature of a spectacular rise is scarcely to be expected.

The new Gibbons Part II Catalogue (Foreign Countries) is also out, the publishers having overcome the serious difficulties caused by the destruction of the old standing type and blocks in the 1941 blitz.



The re-setting is a great improvement on the old, the new blocks being clearer, the country headings bolder, while the type numbers and notes are much easier on the eye.

The catalogue gives issues as late as the Iceland Republican Commemoratives. Though most enemy issues are left out, the Vichy French stamps are included. The price of the new catalogue is £1, and in my opinion is well worth the money.

Illustrated in this column are two recent issues from Hayti, the first a 3c. value in a set commemorating the 40th anniversary of the death of Admiral Killick, recess-printed by the American Banknote Company; and the second a 5c. stamp (one of two, both of the same value, but printed in black and in blue), issued on behalf of the United Nations War Relief Fund.

Waterlow and Sons, of London, are printing a new series of postage and air mail stamps for the Ethiopian Government. These consist of two million copies each in denominations of 2, 3, 10, 20, 50 and 100 centimes, one million of a 10-dollar stamp for ordinary postage, and half a million each of 8, 10, 30 and 70 centimes, plus 100,000 apiece of 1, 3, 5 and 10 dollars for air mail purposes. In addition, three denominations of postal dues are to be supplied to the extent of 100,000 copies each, and 50,000 of 50 centimes value.

Following the change of currency in Paraguay, previously announced in this column, Waterlows are printing a new definitive series for that country. The postage set consists of eight values and the air mail of thirteen values. Subjects of the designs include the Port of Ascension, a merchant ship, the monument to Antequera, first Paraguayan locomotive, monument to the heroes of Ilororo, Government House active postal courier, ruins of the Humaita Church, National Pantheon, Oratory of the Virgin, and a portrait of Marshal Francisco Solano Lopez.



**Good  
Morning**

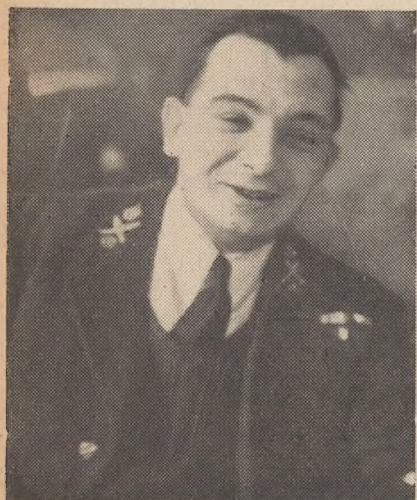
# This night the N.F.S. got lit-up!



This page of pictures shows what happened when the National Fire Service Messengers of Barking district invited the Captain and crew of a new submarine to an adoption party. (See Ron Richards' Shop Talk on the front page.)

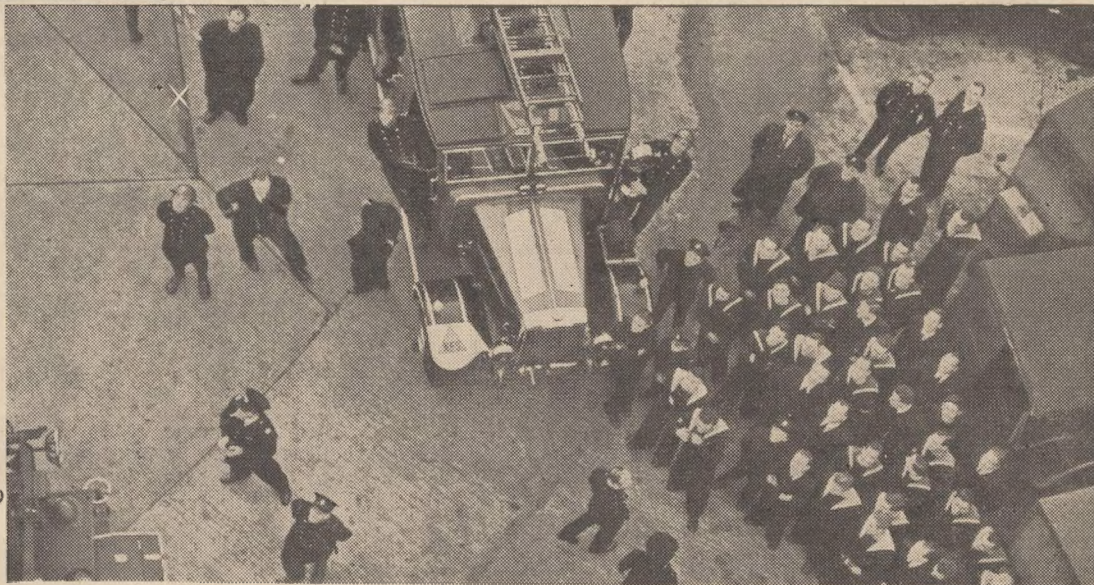


Call it "oiling up," call it re-charging batteries, if you like. It makes no difference. It's still a grand old custom, and one that was certainly not neglected on this memorable evening. Who likes beer best—firemen or submariners?—was a question that still remained unanswered when the last barrel was dry.



C.P.O. Cox's'n N. Baker, D.S.M. and bar, tried valiantly to add another "bar" or two to his decorations. Personally we would have awarded it without a moment's hesitation.

S.P.O. Watson and A.B. Young are telling the old, old story to Joan and Pat Burland. Maybe fire and water won't mix, but that just doesn't hold when Fire Service girls meet submariners!



This is how it all looked from the top of the tower. Personally, we think it's the best picture (x) of Ron Richards we've seen yet. My, but isn't he losing his hair!

Doreen Alldred, of "The Troopsters" concert party, slides gracefully down the fire-station pole. Nice work, Doreen, now all you've got to do is to swarm up again for your helmet.



## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Some fire—  
some party."

